



Vol. I.

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No. 15.

CLARENCE CARMON.

BY ANNIE WILTON.

"Hold on to the ice, I'm going, good-by!"  
Then he sunk in the dark rolling river;  
His strength all exhausted, this brave boy must die,  
Was there ever a nobler one? Never!

Methinks seraphs watched that heroic lad,  
And a pean of praise bore him over,  
When the cold floating ice his warm spirit bade.  
To pulsate no more, here forever!

He might have been saved from his terrible fate,  
Had he used the same earnest endeavor  
He summoned, to snatch a dear little mate  
From her death in the cold icy river.

His fond hopes were brilliant one moment before,  
And his young life surcharged with sweet beauty;  
How sad the transition, as he neareth death's door  
With those beautiful watch-words of duty.

"Hold on to the ice; I'm going! good-by!"  
Was ever a dying boy braver?  
His watch-words were wafted to Jesus on high,  
And an angel came down and did save her!

Let Lansingburg glory in such a true son;  
A hero, a prince of endeavor,  
Oh! blazon the words, "Look to Heaven," "Hold on,"  
For help will not linger forever.

His spirit in glory will never regret  
That he waded there through the cold river,  
And while on his brow a crown shall be set,  
God's smile shall adorn it forever.

\* See incident, in No. 12, page 3 (Feb. 10th), of THE YOUNG NEW YORKER.

**Captain of the Club;**  
OR,  
The Young Rival Athletes.

A Romance of Truth and Treachery.

BY BRACEBRIDGE HEMINGY,  
(JACK HARKAWAY.)  
AUTHOR OF "DICK DIMITY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

BAD NEWS—THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS.  
The house in question was a pretty frame house, standing in its own grounds, which were adorned with flower-beds and shrubs and studded with fine trees.

Inside, the furniture was substantial, if not elegant, and there were a number of articles, such as books, vases, and pictures, which Mrs. Armstrong regarded as relics.

Harry walked up the familiar path and opened the door, finding his mother in the parlor.

The old lady's eyes were moist with recent tears, and her face, which yet preserved traces of former beauty, showed signs of trouble.

"I won the race, mother, and if you wish it, you shall have the silver cup. If not, I will lend it to Dr. Smiley," exclaimed Harry.

"Thank you, my dear boy," answered Mrs. Armstrong, mastering the emotion with which she was evidently struggling. "Do not bring anything here, for I do not know how long I shall have a home."

This information surprised Harry very much, for, although he knew his mother was poor, he thought she was in comfortable circumstances.

"What do you mean, mother?" he asked.

"I would not make this avowal," she continued, "if it was not really necessary that you should know all. In order to pay for your board and education, I mortgaged my house, and have paid the interest on the loan out of my life annuity. Dr. Smiley agreed to take a lump sum for the five years you were to be with him. I paid it and have lived as economically as possible."

Harry knew this to be a fact, for, contrary to his advice, his mother had recently given up her servant, doing her work herself, even to lighting the fire and cooking.

"You did this for me, and I didn't know it," he said, in a tone of self-reproach.

"If not for you, my son, for whom should I do it?"

"I have been taking spending money from you, as well?"

"Of course. I want you to keep pace with your companions, and could not bear to have you look mean; but, let me proceed. The man from whom I borrowed the money on mortgage of my house is Mr. Gripper, of this village."

"The lawyer?"

"The same. He has been here to-day to give me notice of foreclosure, unless the entire amount is paid within three days. House and furniture will all go."

She hid her face in her handkerchief to hide her fast-falling tears.

"What is the amount you paid Dr. Smiley for me?" inquired Harry.

"Two thousand dollars."

Harry groaned in agony of spirit, for this seemed an impossible sum for them to raise.

"When Mr. Gripper came to me, I asked him if he would lend me some money on my annuity, which, as you are doubtless aware, is three hundred dollars a year, and on which I have been enabled to live by the exercise of strict frugality."

"What was his reply?"

"He informed me, with a coarse brutality which I did not expect from him, that Dr. Burns, my physician, had told him that I had a heart disease, and might die at any moment, if

of 400 miles, in 5 days and 18 hours. In 1778, just one hundred years ago, this man attempted to run two miles in ten minutes, but failed by only thirty seconds. He was at this time 44 years of age. In 1776 he walked a match on the Bath road, 100 miles in 24 hours. He won in 23 1/4 hours. In 1787 Powell walked from Canterbury to London, 112 miles, in 24 hours. In 1788 he again walked from London to York and return, 400 miles, in 5 days, 15 1/4 hours, being the best time in which he had ever accomplished that distance. In the same year he walked 6 miles in 55 1/2 minutes; also, in the same year, he wagered to walk one mile and run the next in 15 minutes. He walked the mile in 9 minutes and 20 seconds, and ran the other in 5 minutes and 23 seconds, thus winning by 17 seconds.

In person Powell was tall and thin, being five feet and ten inches in height. He was powerfully built in his hips and legs, and was sallow in his complexion. He slept but five hours each night. This truly wonderful walker died on the 15th of April, 1793, in his 59th year. The best of our walkers are considerably below the age given above, of Powell and Wilson, when they did their best work—Powell being fifty-four and fifty-five years of age when his finest feats were performed. O'Leary and Anderson are now just in the prime of their powers, and for at least ten years to come ought to gradually improve in their capabilities.



GEORGE WILSON the PEDESTRIAN aged 50.  
As he appeared on the morning of Sept 21st 1815 being the ninth day of performing  
the arduous task of walking fifty miles per day for twenty successive days.

Pedestrianism—Old and New.

THOSE who deem the existing excitement over pedestrian matters a "modern mania" that will soon pass away, will behold in this facsimile of an old engraving a striking proof of the popularity of test and match walking, generations ago.

The absence of sporting records, such as are now maintained, leaves us without special data on the achievements of our athletic forefathers, but that they were as hardy and smart as their sons we have every reason to know. We have what appear to be reliable accounts of the performances of one Powell, a century or more ago. If his history be true, they stand out and as wonderful, if not more so, than recent accomplishments in the same line.

Powell was an Englishman, born in 1734. When 30 years of age he walked over the Bath road fifty miles in seven hours, running the first ten miles. This was better time than was made by O'Leary or Campana during their walk in New York. In 1773 Powell walked from London to York and back, a distance

show, under training, a gradually increasing record, and what is now deemed a first-class performance may be so done as to relegate to a second place the recorded time and distances thus far accomplished by Perkins, Smith, Howes, Corkey, Crosland, O'Leary, etc., etc.

Captain Barclay's 1,000 miles in as many consecutive hours was regarded as a great feat, but was so much beaten by Gale doing one-half more in the same time, that it is no more mentioned.

The human frame, even more than the horse, is capable of developing under training and trial new powers both of speed and endurance, so that we may well believe Madame Anderson can be brought to Gale's time, which, as yet, is unrivaled in the history of pedestrianism—4,000 quarter miles in 4,000 consecutive ten minutes.

The best of our walkers are considerably below the age given above, of Powell and Wilson, when they did their best work—Powell being fifty-four and fifty-five years of age when his finest feats were performed. O'Leary and Anderson are now just in the prime of their powers, and for at least ten years to come ought to gradually improve in their capabilities.

unduly excited; therefore my life was anything but a first-class risk, and he would not lend me a hundred dollars on it."

"The brute!" exclaimed Harry indignantly.

"I asked him what made him press me when I had regularly paid him his six per cent. interest?" said Mrs. Armstrong.

"Wait a moment, mother," cried Harry.

He made a rapid arithmetical calculation which its result shocked him very much.

His mother's income was only three hundred dollars; that was all she had to live upon. She had borrowed \$2,000 to pay for his education, at Dr. Smiley's, on which loan she paid six per cent. interest. That footed up to \$120. Now, subtract that sum from three hundred and how much had she left to live upon? Simply one hundred and eighty dollars a year!

She couldn't do it. It was impossible.

She was not a dollar a day, nor anything near it.

There was a mystery, somewhere.

What a mother! What sacrifices she had made for her son, and how he ought to love her!

"Go on mother!" he exclaimed.

"Mr. Gripper further informed me that, being himself pressed for money, he had sold his mortgage to a client, and that it was not he but the client who was pressing for the money."

"That is an excuse of Gripper," averred Harry.

"I think not; the man seemed to be really sorry for me, and I have heard from other sources that he is in difficulties."

"Harry looked keenly at his mother, and catching his eye said: "Mother, tell me truly, how you have managed to live."

"For days I have eaten nothing but bread," she replied.

"And for me! I am the cause of it!" exclaimed Harry, wildly.

"Oh no! Please God I shall live to see you getting your own living, and you will return it, will you not, my dear?"

She stroked his fair curly hair, and smiled with all a mother's pride and love for her son.

"If your poor brother Sam knew how I was situated, he would surely help me," she continued; "but, as we have not heard from him for so long I fear he must be dead."

"If Sam hadn't light hair like me," exclaimed Harry, "I should say that a man I rowed against to-day was he, but this fellow had black hair and a long black beard. I never saw any one put a boat along as he did, except Sam, and you know what a terror he was."

"Yes, he was strong as a lion, and yet as tender-hearted as a girl," replied Mrs. Armstrong.

"By the way, mother," said Harry, "who is Gripper's client? I might go to him, and plead with him for time. If he has a heart he will not turn you out of your dear old home."

"It will kill me to leave it and go among strangers, as I shall be compelled to do; but, the name—he did not give it me. However, you can ask him yourself, for he will be here in a few minutes to know if I can do anything to avert the threatened calamity. If not, be will advertise the sale at once."

There was a ring at the bell at this juncture, which Harry answered, admitting Mr. Lawyer Gripper, whom he conducted into the parlor.

"Good evening, Master Harry!" he exclaimed.

"This is a sad business—very sad indeed."

He took a seat and rubbed his hands together, as if he was washing them with invisible soap.

"Who is your hard-hearted client?" inquired Harry.

"A former friend of yours—quite an estimable young man; his family is very rich; he has the command of money."

"His name?"

"Mr. Simeon Adderly!"

Had a thunderbolt fallen at Harry Armstrong's feet he could not have been more surprised.

There was no hope now, for he saw that he was in the power of his enemy. Sim Adderly was the snake in the grass who, for the sake of revenge, had done the cruel thing.

"Mother!" he exclaimed, "we are lost. Adderly was at Dr. Smiley's and I have quarreled with him."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Gripper, sanctimoniously, "my client, Mr. Adderly, may be of a forgiving spirit. If you have offended him, go to him and ask his forgiveness."

Harry fidgeted uneasily on his chair.

"I cannot humble myself to him," he said.

"Because he, and not I, is in the wrong. If I'd done him any harm, it would be another thing."

"Do you really know this Mr. Adderly?"

"Very well indeed—too well."

"Perhaps Mr. Gripper's advice is worth taking. I do not want to control your actions; but—"

"Enough, mother!" interrupted Harry. "I would do anything in the world for you, and to save you, if possible, from this annoyance, I will go to Adderly now."

He rose and put on his hat, and, as he quitted his seat, so did Mr. Gripper.

"Pardon me," said he; "but, in the event of the young gentleman being unsuccessful, will it be convenient for me to take the inventory tomorrow morning? The goods must be catalogued for the printer."

"Use your pleasure, sir," replied Mrs. Armstrong, bowing her head submissively.

Harry wrung his mother's hand affectionately and gave Mr. Gripper a nod.

It went very much against his inclination and his pride to ask any favor from Adderly, but he felt that he ought to leave no stone unturned to save his mother, because there was no doubt that Adderly had heard of this mortgage from

# The Young New Yorker.

Mr. Gripper, and had bought it for the express purpose of injuring him.

He called at Adderly's house and was informed that he had not yet come home, and he turned his footsteps in the direction of the gymnasium, expecting to find him still there.

In the moment of triumph, he had raised the cup of delight to his lips, only to find it full of the bitterest gall and wormwood.

The gymnasium was full of young men, who were enjoying themselves hugely, some one having ordered two kegs of beer to celebrate the race.

"Say, boys!" exclaimed Charley Scofield.

"Here's the Cap back again. I thought he wouldn't desert us."

"Hurrah for the Captain of the Club!" cried Round.

"I'll club you!" replied Harry, "if you aren't quiet. You've had too much beer, Punch."

"There's lots more where that came from!"

"Who set off the keg?"

"Hanged if I know!" answered Punch; "but I guess the keg's going to set me up."

"Adderly," exclaimed Shillito, who had lately joined the crowd of boating men. "Adderly put up for the beer, which is more than the man who won the cup had the decency to do. Let's drink Adderly's health, fellows!"

It was clear that Adderly had a considerable following, for his health was drunk with uporous applause.

"Speech! speech!" cried half a dozen voices.

Adderly jumped upon a table and, removing from his mouth the cigar he was smoking, bowed to the boys.

"Gentlemen!" he said, "I thank you for the honor you have done me. I'm afraid that you are shouting more for the beer than for me. It wasn't exactly my place to provide refreshments, as I got distanced in the race, but the winner has sneaked away, probably to avoid expense. Anyway, we can do without him, and when this keg's empty, I'll order in another, as nothing pleases me more than to see the boys enjoy themselves, and as long as I've got a dollar, I'll spend it with the gang."

This speech was received with a burst of applause that fairly made the rafters ring.

Adderly had made a hit, and several men, who had not liked him hitherto, were heard to remark:

"That he was not such a bad fellow, after all."

Standing in the rear of the hall was Harry, who had not been noticed by Adderly, or it is doubtful if he would have made the allusion he did to him in his speech.

"Aren't you going to reply to that?" asked Tuffin, at his side.

"What can I say?" answered Harry. "I've no money to treat the boys with. If I had—"

"Hush up! Take this!" interrupted the trainer, handing him a ten-dollar bill.

"No, thank you!" replied Harry.

"You won't take it?"

"If I did, heaven only knows when I could pay it, and I have a holy horror of getting into any one's debt."

"Step up like a man, and do the proper thing."

"No, no," said Harry, whose breast was torn by conflicting emotions. "Tell Adderly I want to speak to him, right here, in this corner, on a matter of business."

Tuffin, the trainer, accepted the mission very unwillingly and presently returned with Adderly.

"Do you want to see me?" he asked, keeping nervously out of reach of Harry's arm, as if he feared he was going to wreak summary vengeance upon him.

"Yes, I sent for you."

"You needn't think you can make any disturbance here. I have friends, as you see."

"Don't be alarmed; I don't feel like fighting, I can assure you, but I may take advantage of this opportunity to say that you went out of your way to insult me, just now."

"Oh! about sneaking away?"

"My mother sent for me, and—"

"My dear fellow!" exclaimed Adderly, "if you have come about that affair, I really cannot spare time to talk to you."

"But, Adderly—"

"Pardon me; I can only refer you to my lawyer, Mr. Gripper. You know where to find him."

"I have seen him already."

"Well, if you are prepared to pay the money, by all means do so."

"You know that is impossible," said Harry, "but, if you have the least spark of feeling in your heart, you will give us a little time to look around us."

"See Mr. Gripper, if you please."

"If I had the money I would pay it."

"Very good, sir!" exclaimed Adderly, with an insolence which was born of the power he knew he possessed, "the matter is entirely beyond my control. I bought the mortgage as an investment, and finding I was somewhat mistaken in my calculations I want to get rid of it. Enclose me if I go away; I want to talk to my friends."

"If you could only give us a week," pleaded Harry, thinking of his mother all the time.

He raised his hand as if to stop Adderly, who was moving away, and in so doing displayed the amethyst ring which Tessy had given him, and to gain which Adderly had done such an unwholesome action.

"Give me that ring," he exclaimed, "and I will put off the sale for a fortnight."

A terrible struggle now took place in Harry's mind. In the gave up Tessy's ring to his hated rival, she would never forgive him, and perhaps the delay he would buy at such a price, would, after all, be of very little use to his poor mother.

"I cannot do that," he replied.

"You want to save your mother from trouble and you will not make that sacrifice!" sneered Adderly.

Hastily, Harry drew the ring from his finger, and handed it to his rival.

"Take it!" he said hoarsely; "no power on earth could have wrung it from me; but," he added to himself, "my mother comes before even my love."

With a proud feeling, Adderly put the amethyst ring on his finger and gazed affectionately at it.

"Gripper shall be instructed to postpone the sale," he said, "for a fortnight from to-day."

Then he turned calmly away, puffing at his cigar, and was quickly surrounded by several toadies, who respected money more than mankind.

Harry now saw that he did not meet Adderly as a school-mate, but as a man of the world, and he recognized the fact that in the contest in life, health will tell."

Quitting the gymnasium he returned to the house of his mother and informed her that he had gained a fortnight's time for her, in which, perhaps, she might be able to transfer the mortgage or get some relief, yet it was with a heavy heart that he returned to Doctor Smiley's.

For several days he tried to avoid Tessy, lest she should see that the ring was gone.

The discovery, however, was inevitable, and it was rather a relief to him than otherwise, when it came.

Tessy met him in the garden one morning after breakfast and said: "Where is your ring, Mr. Armstrong?"

She had never called him Mr. Armstrong before, and he knew that she was angry.

"I—I—" he stammered, "It is—"

Then he broke down.

"You need not tell me anything that is untrue, because that would be unworthy of you. I have been in Sweetwater to-day, and I have seen the ring on Mr. Adderly's finger. He was good enough to tell me that you gave it to him for a consideration. Is it true?"

"I did give it to him for a consideration, but not of a money nature," replied Harry.

"That is quite sufficient," she exclaimed. "I now know how much you care for my presents. Henceforth we meet as strangers."

"For heaven's sake let me explain!"

She turned upon him passionately, almost furiously:

"Has not that odious man got my ring?" she cried.

"I admit it."

"Can he not—does he not show it to every one, and say it was mine?"

"I hope not; that would be ungentlemanly and mean."

"But I have positive proof of it. You ought to have cut off your right hand before you gave that ring away."

"Hear me—"

"I will not!" she answered, catching up her skirts and striding away with the air of a duchess.

Harry was overwhelmed.

He was not allowed to offer any explanation and he was condemned unheard.

Sorrowful and sad at heart he went to bed, his recent pride at the victory on the Harlem being overshadowed by the double trouble that Adderly had brought upon him.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE TEST OF LOVE AND PLUCK.

As Harry was too proud to seek a reconciliation with Tessy, after her harsh treatment of him, and as she studiously avoided him, the breach widened between them.

He went the next day to visit his mother, and together they called on all their friends to ask for assistance, but as is usual in such cases, they did not receive any.

Weary and dispirited, he was going home, when he saw a buggy, containing two men, going along at a high rate of speed.

The horse shied at some paper lying in the road, and the buggy was overturned, both men being thrown out.

This accident took place nearly opposite the gymnasium, and the trainer, who was standing at the door, hastened, at the same time as Harry, to render what assistance he could.

One of the men was only a little shaken, and sprang to his feet at once.

"Why, Tuffin!" he exclaimed, "is it you?"

"Joe Corner, as I'm alive!" cried the trainer. "You and I, old sport, haven't met for two years."

"That's so! but, don't waste any time in chinning; let us see what's happened the 'Unknown'."

They approached the second man, who was groaning with pain and seemed much hurt.

With Harry's help, they carried him into the gymnasium and sent Quersticks for a doctor, who, on examination, pronounced the right leg broken above the knee.

Joe Corner uttered a smothered imprecation.

"Hang the luck!" he exclaimed; "that settles me. If I can put him to bed in your house, I'll tell you all about it."

The trainer made no opposition; the wounded man was put to bed and the doctor dressed his leg, after which, Tuffin and Joe Corner returned to the gymnasium, where, for want of something better to do, Harry was amusing himself by swinging on the trapeze.

They went into the private office together, and the trainer produced a bottle of brandy and a box of cigars.

"Help yourself and unburden your mind," he said.

Joe Corner was not slow to avail himself of this permission, and having quenched his thirst and lighted a cigar, he spoke:

"You know that I've been in the same business as you, all my life—fighting, running, rowing, sparring and training; but my luck's dead out with that accident."

"How's that?"

"Didn't you hear me call my friend, who is at your house, the 'Unknown'?"

"Why, you don't mean to say—"

"I do."

The two men looked solemnly at one another, and Joe Corner nodded his head in a sagacious manner.

"That's Jim the Flyer," continued Corner, after a pause, "and I regarded him as a perfect gold mine. I was just taking him for a drive in the country, before he started on his great feat."

"I saw that you had heavily backed an unknown man to walk against O'Meara, the champion."

"Of course you did; it's been in all the papers."

"And that's him?" Tuffin demanded.

He produced a hand-bill, which he presented to the trainer, for his inspection. It was as follows:

**GREAT FIVE HUNDRED MILE WALK, FOR \$1,000.**—Joe Corner's Unknown, on February 13th, will walk, at Great Gordon, in New York City, against O'Meara, the champion of the world, the distance to be completed within six days.

"You see it's this way," continued Joe Corner, "I've put up a forfeit of two hundred dollars which will be a dead loss if I don't produce my man. There's great interest already in the match and the gamblers will be worth having."

"If I could get any one who would keep on the track I wouldn't care, for I needn't tell an old stager like you that these matches are got up for the gate money."

"Get some one else," suggested the trainer.

"I can't. There isn't a man I know who would walk five hundred miles in six days. It requires prodigious pluck and good training. In fact, I don't think O'Meara will make more than four hundred. If I could get any one who would keep on the track I wouldn't care, for I needn't tell an old stager like you that these matches are got up for the gate money."

"Well, you see where my bad luck is now. My match is off. I lose my forfeit and money of what I could make."

Tuffin slapped his knee energetically.

"It don't matter who you produce as the Unknown," he said.

"Not at all."

"Any one will do as well as Jim the Flyer?"

"If he can walk or run, and stay."

"Then I know the man, and I'd put up my last dollar on him; ay, sell my coat, but I can't promise he'll walk for you," exclaimed Tuffin.

"Who is he?"

"That young fellow, who helped us in with the Flyer."

"What! that snip of a boy?" cried Joe Corner, his countenance falling again.

"It's evident you don't know him," replied Tuffin, the trainer. "That's Harry Armstrong, Captain of the Club, and the Terror of the Harlem River—that's who he is!"

"Gentleman amateur?"

"Most decidedly."

"Call him in and we'll talk to him. If he can get me out of this mess I'll give him anything in reason for his services and keep his name a secret," said Joe Corner.

"Mind you, he's a gentleman, every inch of him, and I can't promise any thing," replied

Tuffin. "However I'd like to help an old friend out of a hole, and I'll do my best."

He went out into the gymnasium, where Harry was still swinging on the trapeze, and he could not help admiring the magnificent proportions of the young man, his splendidly developed muscle and his almost leonine strength.

"Cap!" he exclaimed, "can I have a word with you?"

"A dozen if you wish it," replied Harry, alighting cleverly at his feet.

"I've got something to say to you, Cap, and I don't want you to be offended, either."

"Go right straight ahead. Nothing an old friend like you can say will hurt me," answered Harry, with a good-natured smile.

He naturally

that the spell had apparently left the Eagles and rested upon them, as they scored nothing, whereas the Eagles rejoiced exceedingly. They drew long faces, however, when they found that the spell was again on them, for they, too, scored a blank. And when the Opossums went in again they found that the spell had either shifted or was divided, for they drew a blank again. And so it went on, the spectators roaring at the two nines, who went in and out, and in and out, never scoring a run, never even getting to first base.

It seemed literally *playing at ball*.

At the end of the eighth inning the score stood:

INNINGS. 1st. 2d. 3d. 4th. 5th. 6th. 7th. 8th.  
Oppossums... 2 5 3 4 0 0 0 0-14 runs.  
Eagles.... 0 0 0 14 0 0 0 0-14 runs.

The ninth inning the spell lifted from the Opossums. It lifted too high to suit the Eagles, for eight runs were made before the last Opossum went out. Under ordinary circumstances, the game would have seemed hopeless; but as this extraordinary match appeared to go like the Irishman's toad, "steady by jerks," the Eagles went to the bat for the last time, not knowing whether they were going to be "goose-egged" again or were going to make 200 runs.

Smith went to the bat and made a run; so did Jones; so did Robinson—but the next man went out at first, and the next man at third, and Smith put on his coat and sauntered into the crowd, certain that the game was lost, but that he would not be wanted again. But the next man got a home run, and the next got a second, and the next sent him home and went to second; and when Smith's name was called to go to bat again, there were two men on bases and 5 runs scored.

So Smith made a nice ground bat between short-stop and third base, sent two men home and made his second. Eight runs—one wanted to tie!

There was silence on the ground; the proverbial pin might have been heard to drop—if it had been a clothes-pin dropped from a height.

It was exciting. This had been a curious, varying game; and now two more bases made would tie it. Smith took advantage of a ball, which passed the pitcher, and tried for the third. The third-base man stood with his hands extended waiting for the ball. It came, but he stood on the line of the bases. Smith had the right of way and he collided at a critical moment with the baseman and made his third.

No cheers—everybody silent and anxious.

Jones, who was at the bat, was a sure man, devoid of nerves. Besides the ground sloped away behind the catcher, so that, there being no back stop, a base runner could walk one base and could *run* nearly *three*. A passed ball would do it. Smith could not see the Opossum catcher for the crowd, who could not be kept back now, but his captain stood by the home base to steer him.

At the fourth ball he saw the pitcher's jaw drop and heard his captain call him. Then he knew that his time had come, so he ran in. The pitcher ran to the home base. But what good will that do? thought Smith. Suddenly he crouched down. Smith wondered why, as he redoubled his exertions.

Just as he was reaching home, whiz came the ball into the pitcher's hands; Smith tried to "slide on," but the pitcher's crouching made that of no use.

And so the game was lost after all! A small boy, very dirty, who had bet ten cents on the Opossums, stopped the passed ball and threw it to the catcher, who fielded it to the pitcher, and so Smith was put out because the rule did not say, as it does now, that any ball stopped by an outsider cannot be used to put any out until it has been settled in the hands of the pitcher, while remaining within the lines of his position.

Any fair club would have been willing to have put back the ball in the position in which they were when the ball was passed, and fight it out on that line if it took all summer.

But the Opossums, being cunning, claimed the ball and it was legally theirs.

Their exultation was somewhat damaged by a recommendation made by the bald-headed Eagle, who presented the ball, to the effect that they had better have engraved on it:

"Won for the Opossum Club by a dirty little boy of Forest City."

Barler, W. S. Hillyer, Geo. B. Smith, Carlton B. Case, all of whom are well remembered by our old amateurs, and whose names are held in veneration by the present workers in the field.

But then puzzelodom was a far more powerful institution than it is now. Every amateur journal formerly contained a puzzle department; now they are rarely found. Indeed, this branch of literary amusements has reached the zenith of its success, and is on the wane at the present time. Equally significant with the action excluding puzzlers is the fact that Correl Kendall, "King of Puzzlers," and the most popular candidate for the presidency of the N. A. P. A., at the beginning of 1878, at the convention in July received but seven votes out of a total of seventy-three.

It was no doubt a good plan to prevent the many obscure members of the puzzling fraternity from taking a part in our councils and controlling our elections, but it would be well to introduce an amendment allowing those really deserving, and who take an active interest in amateur journalism, to enjoy full membership in the Association.

## The N. A. P. A. Campaign.

THEIR is much wavering and indecision in amateur circles just at present in regard to candidates for the offices of the National Amateur Press Association.

The foolish clause in the constitution of the Editor's Lyceum, restricting the campaign to one month, is undoubtedly smothering the flame of excitement and opposition which gradually grows stronger, and shows itself in stray paragraphs here and there.

The *Amateur Virginian* boldly hoists the name of Thomas J. Hope, of Norfolk, Va., as their choice for the 1st Vice-Presidency, and while this is the first decisive step taken, yet it is not one of much importance, as most of the interest is centered on the principal office—that of President.

Much secret wire-pulling is going on behind the scenes. Briggs has been tendered the nomination, but declined; and up to this time not one candidate has entered for the highest position in the field. The cause of this is not indifference, but rather an excess of caution. Like Jim Blodso, the *Phoenix*, they want to be sure of their points before they show their hand, so that when the game really opens we may expect a lively time.

An Indiana paper states that a prominent Southern amateur will be among the candidates, and it probably means D. W. Gee, of Washington.

The *Egyptian Star* predicts that Clossey will be the successful man. In other words, Will thinks that Jopsee's will be a livelier corpse than the *Stylus* man imagines.

THE YOUNG NEW YORKER will contain full reviews of the situation and instead of supporting any particular candidate will merely "hold the mirror up to amateurdom."

## Notes.

We intend shortly to publish some novel and interesting reading, under the title of "Interviews with Prominent Amateurs."

It is suggested that if the Mississippi A. P. A. would hold a meeting at Cairo, Ill., it would be largely attended. The suggestion is a good one.

NUMBER THREE of Morris's new paper, the *Trenton Star*, has made its appearance, and presents a marked improvement over the preceding number.

THE *Catchet* is a handsome little four-page journal from Lebanon, N. H., published by W. M. Richardson & Co. A little more original matter from the editors and it will rank among the best of its size.

We gladly welcome the *Southern Amateur Advertiser* from Savannah, Georgia, and from its general contents we should judge well of its future. "Prominent Amateurs; what they look like" is the title of an interesting article by Romulus, occupying the first page. The short notes are also an attractive feature, and Donahue & Reese present us a first-class journal, the only fault being poor printing.

intend to succeed by the numerous array of help of God, to cleanse from our people the uncleanness which has fallen upon the nation's page. Will you join us? Will you come into our midst, and bear with us the stings which we expect will wound us? Will you stand by our side, upon the fortress we have built, and with us look upon the weak and powerless forces which fall full short in their aiming weapons? We have tens of thousands of true-hearted Loyal Sons of America, in the East, North, South, and West. We should swell their numbers further, and when we do launch our combined forces into the arena, it will be no mere child's toy battling 'gainst the breakers. Then do not wait longer, but let your voices be heard in our council halls. Will you come?

## Grand Encampment.

THE event of the century, concerning the young men of America, will take place the fourth of July next at Medusa, N. Y. It will be remembered that in the year 1871 several young men of that place organized a society known as the ROYAL AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Years have come and gone, and from that worthy model has sprung what is now widely known over this broad land as the Loyal Sons of America.

From a few persons, have sprung many thousands all through the union. The order now numbers thousands, and is growing daily.

The year 1878 has been a prosperous year with the order.

Its ranks have been largely increased during that year.

To celebrate all the good work which has been done, they intend to produce a revival, a national work of celebration.

What more worthy spot could be found, upon which to enact the order of exercises, than the place of the society's birth?

The Cabinet Council and other officers, and brothers of the metropolis will leave New York on the morning of the third, arriving in Medusa in the afternoon.

They will there meet the gathering of members from the States and wigwams.

A fine brass band will be in attendance.

Colonel Clarkson of Massachusetts will be Grand Marshal, and with a well equipped regiment in uniform will serve as military escort for the Cabinet Council.

The general encampment will be held in a fine grove near Medusa.

Prominent orators of the society from different States will address the meeting.

President Haines will deliver one of his soul-stirring addresses, to be followed by an original poem by H. S. Keller, Vice-President, on the subject of "Brotherhood."

A kind invitation is extended to each member of the Loyal Sons of America to be present.

We are now in receipt of acceptances from worthy brothers, in the Western and Southern States.

We shall make this a great and enjoyable event, and we feel that it will promote a great and beneficial good to our society.

## North and South—One and Inseparable.

DEAR BROTHERS:—To you of the sunny South, we now address our words. We have read time and time again your warm, heartfelt thanks.

We have perused line after line the grateful words you have written in appreciation of our endeavors.

We have felt that each word was born in hearts filled to overflowing with true

pure and generous love.

You have wept and bled for the loss of a beloved brother.

We have mourned your trials in unison.

When sorrow fell among you, and grim was stalked

arm in arm with misery, who did not find cold

hearts in the North, that beat only for self.

You sent your words to us, that sorrow and woe were among you.

Did you pour your cries into deaf ears? We thank God you did not.

We thank God that, through the benign influence

of our loyal order, we heard your tale, and we

doily thank Him that we went among you.

Our beloved brother, who is at the head of our

worthy organization, was stricken. You watched

over him; you denied yourself the rest and

comforts, to restore him to our midst. For this

one precious act of yours, dear brothers, we

more than thank you.

The bond which binds us together in one sacred band, is not of steel, for

steel can feel the touch of rust, and separate

below the strain.

Blood is the connecting agency which brings us nearer together.

Though many miles lie between you and your brothers

of the North, there is a magic feeling of sympathy which brings us in closely united proximity.

We of the North are doing our share of the labor.

We know you are doing your part.

With the generous, impulsive nature of the sons of the South we only look for success.

With the tenacity of the Northern sons we feel success in every bone and tissue of our being.

Our cause is such a cause as no nation has yet endeavored to inaugurate.

The furtherance of our well-laid plan

is in our additional work.

Are we able, oh! sons of the South? Can we do it?

We think we

hear each voice waft to our ears the following:

"With the help of God, we'll do it!"

We thank you once again for your warm wishes for the prosperity of our order.

With your help we intend to merit the appreciation of the world, and it's approbation.

## Facts about the Canary Bird.

THE canary bird is a domestic favorite which has never lost its popularity, notwithstanding the great number of other birds which of late years have been introduced to notice.

It is not difficult now to obtain birds from any

part of the world, and it is the strongest

proof of the value of the canary as a singer,

and of its beauty of plumage, that no other

variety has become equally popular.

There are some twenty bird stores in this city, and

the sale of canaries is the leading branch of

the business.

Besides the canaries which are raised here

the importation amounts to some

eighty thousand birds per annum.

None are brought by the importers from the Canary Islands, the home of the true canary, but all

come from the northern part of Germany, and

where they are raised in vast numbers, and

from Belgium. They thrive as well in Europe

and this country as they do in the Atlantic Ocean off the

north-west coast of Africa. The famous peak of Teneriffe, 12,182 feet high, is on one of these islands.

The true canary differs materially from the domesticated birds.

The adult male has a much darker bill, and in general color of plumage varies from a greenish yellow on the front,

throat and breast, to a golden yellow on the belly.

The sides, thighs and under-tail coverts are dirty white; the top of the head black and upper-tail coverts brown ash; the wing feathers brown-black, with pale brown edges mingled with white near the back.

The female is more dingy and has less of the greenish yellow.

In size these birds are smaller than those seen in cages.

The nests are built in thick covers and trees.

Pairing takes place in February.

The female lays from five to six pale blue eggs and hatches five or six broods in a season.

These birds frequent the gardens of Madeira, which are made vocal with their beautiful song.

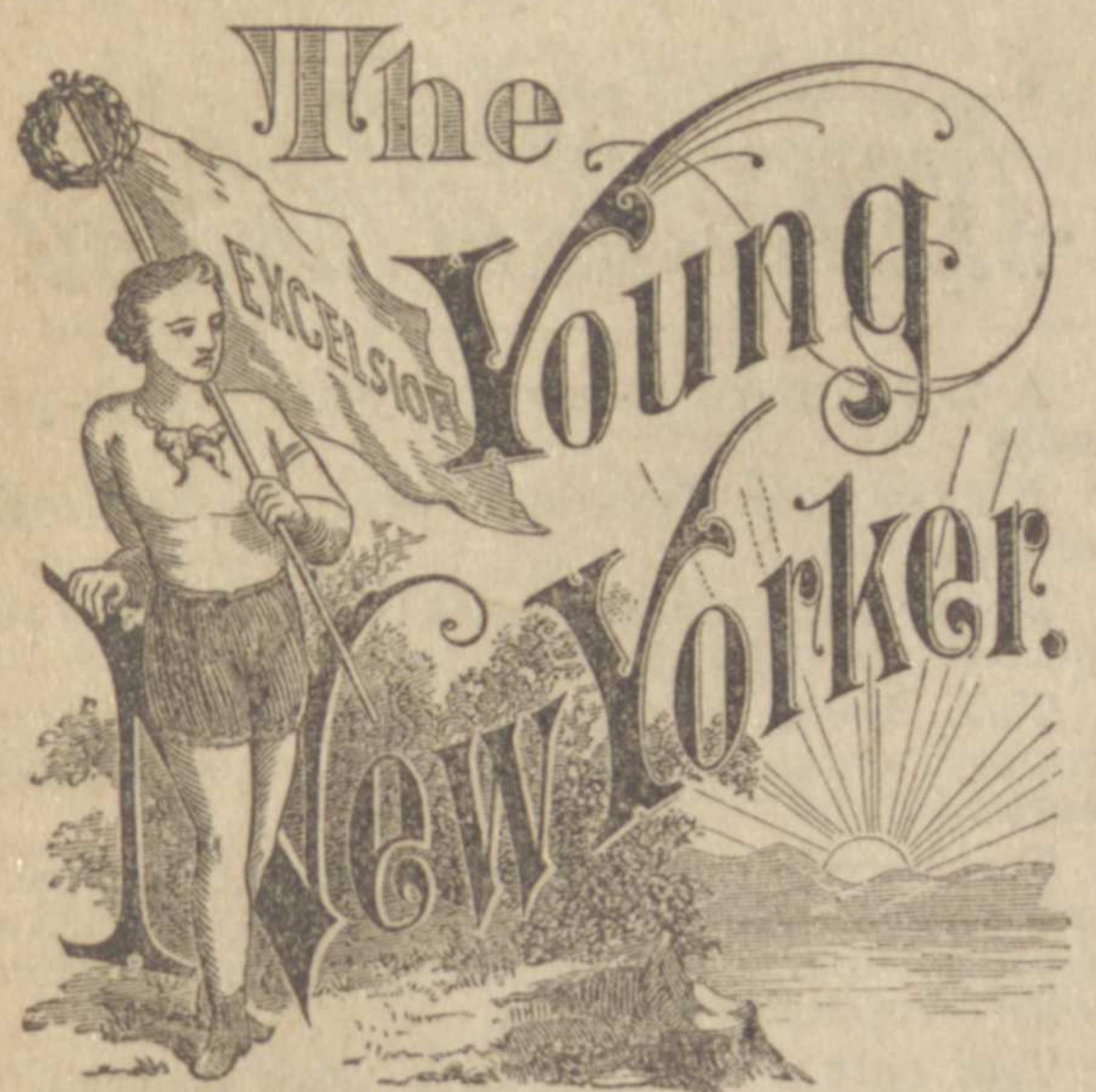
There are some fifty varieties of the domesticated canary. It is stated that the original

stock was imported into Europe from the Canary Islands about the fourteenth century.

In all the cities and villages of North Germany they are reared in the dwellings of the inhabitants.

They have been crossed with the aberdevine,

venuron, goldfinch



MONDAY, MARCH 3, 1879.

## TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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Two copies, one year, . . . . .	4.50

Notice to all furnish back numbers of THE YOUNG NEW YORKER to No. 4, as required, post paid, on the remittance of five cents per copy. Back numbers can also be ordered through any newsdealer.

Address all remittances and communications to ADAMS AND COMPANY, Publishers, 98 William Street, N. Y.

"All out-door games, athletic sports, rowing, ball games, etc., OUGHT TO BE ENCOURAGED, for the sake of the health which they promote."—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

HEREAFTER, commencing with No. 16, the day of issue of THE YOUNG NEW YORKER will be Tuesday of each week in New York city, and in other places as soon as received. This change is made in order to give our readers the very latest sporting news of each week, thus making THE YOUNG NEW YORKER the most complete sporting newspaper in America. No. 16 will be published in New York city, Tuesday, March 4th.

## OUR FIELD.

WITH the coming of the spring and the sprouting of the early violets, THE YOUNG NEW YORKER bids its readers welcome, and gathers up strength for the summer's work. The winter is nearly over, with its snows and frosts; its shining ponds covered with skaters; its hills resounding to the music of the clattering sleds. It has been a winter of work for us, to please our readers; and we are glad to be able to say that we have done it. Never in our editorial and publishing experience has a paper in so short a time met with such universal sympathy and liking as THE YOUNG NEW YORKER. It has proved a success because it has entered a field hitherto untried.

What is that field? How do we propose to fill it, in the future as in the past? In few words, we aim to be the organ and friend of all healthy, honest boys from twelve up to—well, say sixty. For ourselves, we have not forgotten how to play leap-frog; we still take a keen interest in chipmunks; and as for fishing and skating, we do not intend to lay aside either till we be at least eighty-six years old. After that period we may be tempted to desert the society of the boys out of doors on account of rheumatism contracted on the skating pond at the early age of seventy-nine, but we shall be just as constant in our devotion to all the indoor games at which boys like ourselves can play.

We want our readers to understand that we do not sit in judgment above them, but that we look on them all as friends and equals, and expect to help them in every way when they need advice or information. We intend to cover all the field of athletic and home sports and pastimes in which boys indulge. To make our record complete, we only ask our boys for one thing—send us the news of any sporting or other interesting event that transpires near you. If your base-ball club plays the boys of the next village; if you go on a remarkable walk; if you come on a curious adventure; if you have a good haul of fish or a good bag of game; send us on the news, and we will print it, and give you full credit thereto. What you may think of little importance, may turn out to be full of interest to your friends and to the boys of other sections of the Union. Write as plainly as you can, but do not hesitate to send news because you fear that your handwriting is not pretty, like that of a book-keeper. All that a printer asks for is that his copy should be plain and legible. We will take care of the rest, if we only get the news from every place where there is a live boy. In short, we hereby constitute all our boy readers, except those who are more than usually lazy, into a corps of special reporters for THE YOUNG NEW YORKER. We feel assured that they will be amply repaid for their trouble by the pleasure of reading what they can make the best boys' paper in the world. Send in the news, boys, and you will be surprised how nice it will look in print.

## Early Spring Sports.

WITH the disappearance of the snow from the landscape, turning to slush and mud, the question confronts the boy who loves athletics: what shall he do to pass away the time when his work or study is over? Skating and sleighing are gone; it is too muddy for walking or riding, and shooting is nearly over, as the birds are many of them—beginning to mate and build nests.

Now is the time for the boy inclined to athletics to practice indoor sports and feats of all kinds to start dumb-bell exercise, fencing, sparring, horizontal and parallel bar training, and all such things. They will fill up the dull months before the ground is firm out of doors, and are to be recommended at this time. On all other occasions gymnastics are apt to run to excess and do more harm than good. Just now they are beneficial.

## EXCESS IN SPORTS.

WE are not one of that class who believe that it is to the best interests of sports that extraordinary games or feats should be indulged in. We believe that all things that run into excess are an injury to that which they represent, rather than a benefit. It is sometimes said, however, that they inspire a healthy spirit of emulation. Our experience justifies us in saying the reverse. For instance, lately the sporting world has been surprised with extraordinary pedestrian feats. We have had the O'Leary and Campana walk, which with Madame Anderson's efforts drew immense throngs to witness. Of course the sporting fraternity was deeply interested in these matches, because money was to be won or lost, but as a trial of healthful athletics, which is the province of a sportsman's journal to uphold, they were failures. They tend more to keep out than in the mind of the public the practice of a system of proper athletic sports. They bring into the arena of exercise a false spirit, which not only injures physically themselves, but has the effect of dampening the spirits of many persons who would moderately indulge in pedestrianism. There is certainly no physical benefit derived from them. They leave their task broken entirely down, from which though they in some measure may recover, they ultimately reap broken health and a ruined constitution. In O'Leary's case his physician has informed him that to repeat such a folly will cost him his life. The example set, however, of these long walks, induces others to try them, with the same result of injury to health, and moderate and proper indulgence in walking is overshadowed by these exhaustive feats. They spurt up and draw attention for a little while and then entirely fade from view; then follows no interest in the moderate exercise or match. They thus become a bane rather than a benefit.

Not only does pedestrianism cause such exclusion, but other sports in their respective classes also suffer. The great billiard tournament in itself as a trial of skill for a few to ascertain the capacities of the experts may all be well enough for that purpose, but as a means to draw more attention and interest in the game, it is doubtful. The very fact that so many men are such good players, discourages others from participating. The latter look upon the game as played by themselves as inspiring and uninteresting from the fact of being unable to come near what they deem good playing. They thus lose interest in it and the moderate playing ceases, to the detriment of the manufacturer and the billiard saloon. New beginners and moderate players, who are really the ones who give support to the game, having lost all interest, abandon playing altogether.

The tendency of all these extraordinary feats in sporting in its various departments, as we have already said, is to injure rather than build up and we hope soon to see the day when they will be abolished and a healthful reaction set in.—*Pacific Life.*

## SNOW-SHOE TRAMPS.

WE talk of walking as being an *athletic* exercise, but it is child's play when compared with what the Canadians do in the way of tramping "over the hills and far away"—on snow-shoes—an amusement that to the majority of our pedestrians would be sorry fun indeed, but to the hardy Kanuck is just the thing to test a man's muscle and pluck.

Some of our readers, doubtless, are so benighted as actually not to know what snow-shoes are and what snow-shoe tramping is. For their enlightenment we give what a correspondent says:

"I have no doubt some readers are benighted enough not to have seen snow-shoes, or know

what they are like. Let me briefly tell. A snow-shoe is a good deal like a lean and dried codfish in shape, and is composed of a bent rim or tough ash or hickory, say one inch wide by a half-inch thick. This rim is bent around what might be the outline of the codfish the two ends being riveted together where the tail comes. Across this frame is lashed and interwoven quite neatly a network of fine shreds of raw hide. The foot is placed upon this network with the tail end sticking out long behind the heel; round the ankle is lashed a thong, the toe of the snowshoe is bent so as to be stepped through a loop toward what would be the head of the codfish, and you are prepared for a tramp. The proper thing is to have red or blue stockings drawn over the pantaloons, an overcoat made out of a blanket, with red or blue stripes, a sash to match tied around the waist, on the head a 'tuque' knit of blue or red worsted, and you are fit company for the best. Scarcely a night but some club or other is out for a tramp. Of course it is absurd to tramp on the traveled road with an equipment for going over the untraveled snow, and so the highroad is left as speedily as possible, and the deepest, the steepest and the most difficult places purposely taken. The company proceeds Indian fashion, single file, and the leader must needs be a man of brawn; for, walking first, his path has to be made for himself, and as the snow sometimes sinks from two to ten inches, according to the condition of the snow, walking is sometimes heavy. A novice frequently gets a good many headlong plunges into the snow, and under such circumstances to gain the feet again is a work of some difficulty. To see a race, of say a dozen fellows, with these codfish-looking things strapped to their feet—each athlete eager to gain the coveted gold badge of the club—is a sight worth seeing and to be remembered. Nor are ladies considered out of place on snow-shoes—although tobogganing is more in their line.

W. M. FLITCROFT, in answer to inquiry, gives his address as 138 Halsey st., Newark, N. J.

W. D. asks where he can obtain two black fantail pigeons, henst. ANSWER. Philander Williams, Tanton, Mass., will supply them.

E. B. of Philadelphia, wants to know where he can obtain a book on scene painting? ANSWER. We know of no such text-book.—Your writing is very good.

FRED DALEY wished to know if a half-mile in five minutes, up hill and down, is good walking. ANSWER. We should say it was if kept up for any considerable time or distance.

SANDU CLOUGH wants to know how to stop a boat's leaking. ANSWER. A half-dozen methods are used. First paint; second paintin' "skins"; third tar; fourth tar and oakum; fifth white or red lead, mixed stiff with boiled oil, etc.

Spud asks: "When playing euchre, and the 'joker' is turned up, what is trump?" ANSWER. Just as you agree—then make the trump, or turn up the card next under it, (putting the "joker" at the bottom of the pack) or throw up the hand. The best players do not permit the use of the "joker" at all.

W. F. P. Waynesville, O., wants to know who built the first steamboat and what were the opinions of the people. ANSWER. Robert Fulton, professionally, was the first to apply steam to water propulsion. In 1807 his first "steamboat" ran up the Hudson, but he had previous to this had little miniature steamboats on the Seine river, at Paris.

EDGAR A. C. asks: "What are the names of the professional base-ball clubs of New York and Brooklyn?" ANSWER. We answered, last week, that there were such clubs, but did not understand the question to mean which man base-ball is a game. There are, both in New York and Brooklyn, very fine clubs, but we know of none, at present, that are organized or picked players to play "professional" matches.

JOHN FISCHER, Buffalo, N. Y., a boy of 15, publishes a little amateur paper, *The Tomahawk*, which is very prettily printed. He is informed that the contributions of boys and girls, to *The Young New Yorker*, are always received with pleasure, and that no distinctive department can be assigned to such a feature. Where stories, sketches or poems are worthy of use we will try and find place for them.

GEO. F. of New York city, has to say: "I walked around the large reservoir, in Central Park, in 15 minutes, fair toe and heel, with the mud very thick on the ground. It is my first walk and I would like to know if it is good walking." ANSWER. The walk is 1½ miles and has been taking our paper ever since it is out and hope that all the readers like it as well as I do. I am fifteen and a half years old." ANSWER. Pretty well for a boy of fifteen.

W. M. MACH asks: "Will you please answer through THE YOUNG NEW YORKER, if you know of any process of melting down rubber to a paste?" ANSWER. Rubber softens at one in one hundred and melts by the heat of the sun at once at ordinary temperature. The only paste known is to mix the melted gum with some oil or grease or varnish that will not harden. There is, we believe, a "liquid rubber"—which is a solution of rubber in alcohol.

INVINCIBLE YOUNG AMERICANS, Bellefonte, Pa. To know all about the Loyal Sons, write to the Secretary, 17 Bond street, New York city. It is destined to be a great order, a glorious thing for the boys and young men of America. The Invincible Sons add, is a social club recently organized, with officers as follows: President, Thos. Twetmire; Secretary, Geo. J. Weaver; Treasurer, Jas. Seibert; Sergeant-at-Arms, Geo. Farig. We advise the club to at once investigate the Loyal Sons.

B. E. Erie, asks: "1st. Are you going to publish in the paper a portrait of Miss May Marshall? 2d. Are you going to publish any more stories of the 'Tiger Tamer'?" ANSWER. Rubber softens at one in one hundred and melts by the heat of the sun at once at ordinary temperature. The only paste known is to mix the melted gum with some oil or grease or varnish that will not harden. There is, we believe, a "liquid rubber"—which is a solution of rubber in alcohol.

T. L. ASHLAND, states: "I am a young man nineteen years of age and think of going West. Now I wish to ask if you think Texas is as good as any other State, and how much will it cost to take up Government land? Do you think \$500 enough to start with?" ANSWER. A great tide of emigration is setting into Texas, and the things considered, the inducements are great. The state named is a good state. To locate Government land buy a land warrant, which will give you the land at little less than government prices (\$1.25 per acre).

MISNER propounds questions as follows: "1st. Can anybody learn to play the banjo by a book of instruction, and what would such a book cost, and where can I get one? 2d. What would a banjo cost, one to learn on? 3d. How long would it take to learn by a book of instruction? 4d. What would a good instructor be sold by music dealers for 50c or \$1, from which great aid can be received in learning to play. A good master, however, will save time for you. A very fair banjo can be had for \$2.50 to \$5.00. As to how long—that depends entirely on your aptness."

AMATEUR GREENHORN, Oakland, Cal., says: "I am a young reader of THE YOUNG NEW YORKER, and like the boys' paper. I have seen yet 1st. Will you please tell me what a good bicycle will cost and the name of a reliable firm who have them for sale? 2d. Will you please tell me also the name of the oldest city in the world?" ANSWER. Bicycles sell, according to size, finish and equipment, from \$50 to \$100. Send to Pope Manufacturing Co., Boston, Mass. The price of a good bicycle is not known. All the oldest cities, like Nineveh, Babylon, Carthage, Troy, etc., long since passed into ruins, making such old cities as Cairo, Jerusalem, Athens, etc., quite modern. The city of Delhi, in Hindostan, is, perhaps, the most ancient of modern cities.

INQUIRER, Long Island, writes: "I am fifteen years old, 5 ft. 3 in. in height, weigh 110 pounds. I enjoy walking, running, swimming, etc. I have a sharp pain in my left side, and after walking fast or running a quarter or half a mile, I have a sharp pain in my left side so that I have to stop and let it pass off before I can go on again. But I do not perspire hardly any no matter how hard I exert myself; what is the cause and is there no cure?" 2d. "Where can I get a book to guide me in walking, running, swimming, etc., and what will it cost?" 3d. "Is there no old history of the world from the time of Christ still in print, and what would it cost?" 4th. "Where can I get a complete book of instructions for playing the flute and what will it cost, also how much would a good inlaid flute with keys, etc., cost?" ANSWER. The absence of perspiration is not a good sign. Consult about it. No one book gives all the sports, etc., mentioned, save, perhaps, "The Boy's Own Book," but that is not a satisfactory or special book. There are dozens of sporting new and old, of the Christians era.

W. L. Wilson, Roanoke, etc.—Flute instructors are sold by all music dealers, price from 50c to \$2.00. A very good flute with eight keys will cost about \$15.00.

OLIVER OPTIC. (William T. Adams.)

WHO has not heard of this Prince of Writers of Boys' Literature? Everywhere in America he is a favorite and in Europe is not a stranger; indeed, his books are drifting all over the world—a source of ceaseless delight to all who are boys in feeling and sympathy, whether boys in years or in manhood's prime. It is to be said of him that no word or work of his had better have been unwritten. Of how few authors, living or dead, can this be truthfully said!

Who is he, anyhow? He is William T. Adams, New England born, of real old Puritan ancestry, and allied, in a collateral branch, to the Adams family that has given two Presidents to the United States. Hence, if there is anything in "blood" he ought to be good, and "smart," and provident—just what he is. His name and fame are, like that of Peter Parley, of blessed memory, an American heirloom.

He was born at Medway, July 30th, 1822, and was educated in the Boston public schools; then studied privately; then served as a hotel clerk for two years (for his father was a tavern-keeper, then, and afterward became the founder of the Adams House, in Boston); but, tiring of clerking, he "took to" teaching, in Dorchester, only again to go into the hotel business, with his father and brother, after having played the pedagogue for two years. From the hotel, he

stepped, at the age of twenty-four, into the Boylston Academy, where he taught, and educated, and studied and observed boys, for eleven years, with such success that he was transferred to the noted Bowditch school, wherein he remained for six years—making seventeen years continuous service as boys' instructor—a prime preparation, certainly, for the wider and in

other senses nobler career of writer for the young who were so soon to become the master citizens of a republic.

His career of authorship may be said to have commenced as early as 1850. He wrote stories for the newspapers, which were immediately popular, and brought him under the notice of publishers. His amazing fertility of invention is seen in the fact that he has published no less than eight hundred stories in newspapers, exclusive of his books—of which he has written over forty volumes! His fugitive stories would fill sixty volumes as large as his ordinary books!

That was the career into which he launched; up to the present day it has not been remitted, nor his popularity impaired. A list of the books which have come from under his pen has been given as follows:

Boat Club Series, 6 volumes; Woodville Series, 6 volumes; Army and Navy Series, 6 volumes; River

dale Stories, 12 volumes, (republished this year); Young America, 2 volumes, 12 volumes; Standard Flag Series, 6 volumes; Upward and Onward Series, 6 volumes; Yacht Club Series, 6 volumes; Great Western Series, 3 volumes; Lake Shore Series, 6 volumes; The Way of the World, a novel; In Doors and Out—short stories—republished in 1874; Living too Fast, a novel, 1876; Our Standard Bearers, a life of Grant, 1868; A Spelling-book for Advanced Classes, still in use. In all, up to this date—74 volumes of which more than a million copies have been sold; while of his 1,000 newspaper stories still ungathered, the readers have been counted.

Mr. Adams has twice visited Europe to make special studies for his Young America Abroad, first and second series—with such success that it is stated, as many as 10,000 volumes have been sold in a week!

Mr. Adams has been a member of the Mass. Legislature, and for thirteen years held a seat in the Dorchester School Board. He resides in Dorchester; is married and has two daughters; is now in the very prime of his powers. Much as he looks in the picture before us, stalwart, resolute and genial, he stands the model boys' writer of the age. Strong without roughness, pure without effeminacy or Paraphilism, long may he flourish among the rest of our boys, and many more stories may he write.

**QUESTIONS ANSWERED.**

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**—THE YOUNG NEW YORKER is prepared to answer questions on all the subjects treated of in the paper. Competent writers have been engaged to answer questions on the elements of sports, pastimes, athletics, etc., so that our readers may depend on correct information.

We shall be pleased to receive accounts from school and college clubs of contests in athletics of all sorts, of shooting and fishing excursions, whether of parties, etc., and to publish the same if of interest to our readers.

N. B.—We do not undertake to decide wagers, nor to deal with anything involving the elements of gambling and betting in any form.

Address all communications to EDITOR YOUNG NEW YORKER, 98 William street, New York City.

The publishers of THE YOUNG NEW YORKER will always be glad to receive and consider contributions from authors of well-known reputation on subjects suitable for, and congenial to, boys and young men. Such contributions will be given early attention, and early use when found available.

W. M. FLITCROFT, in answer to inquiry, gives his address as 138 Halsey st., Newark, N. J.

W. D. asks where he can obtain two black fantail pigeons, henst. ANSWER. Philander Williams, Tanton, Mass., will supply them.

E. B. of Philadelphia, wants to know where he can obtain a book on

## The Boy Jockey; OR, HONESTY VERSUS CROOKEDNESS.

By Joseph E. Badger, Jr.

### CHAPTER XV.

IN THE DEN OF THE TIGER.

THAT Tim Dorgan was talking with Tracy Talbot was the first thought of the boy jockey, and his heart almost ceased its pulsations as he stared fixedly at the broad shoulders of the man, longing, yet fearing, to see his face.

He was not kept long in suspense. He saw—or fancied he saw—a gleam of recognition in the black eyes of Tim Dorgan as they dwelt for an instant upon his face. And this fancy was strengthened, as the other man turned abruptly around, facing the entrance, and revealing the darkly-handsome features of Frank Holman, the gambler.

A passing glance was all, and not the faintest trace of recognition appeared upon his countenance as the gambler turned away from Dorgan toward the tables, where faro and roulette was being played.

If indeed he was playing secretly against the boy jockey, it would have been better for Holman's little game if he had held his features a trifle less openly. Cool and thought he undoubtedly was he could not have forgotten his double defeat so easily, and had True Blue's appearance been wholly unexpected, he would have shown some emotion, of either chagrin or anger. So at least the boy jockey reasoned, and from that time he was upon his guard, ready for whatever might turn up.

Had he been absolutely sure that there was an understanding between Tim Dorgan and Holman, he would probably have beaten a retreat at once, satisfied that the allusion to Tracy Talbot had been but a lure to the more surely lead him into the toils; but a doubt remained in his mind, and he felt that there was too much at stake for him to throw away even the slightest chance of rumping his game to earth. He might never again have an opportunity of meeting Tracy Talbot, and he resolved to wait and watch, letting time settle all doubts.

This was by no means the first time True Blue had found himself in a "gambling hell," and though he had no particular liking for play, there were few games of chance with which he was not tolerably familiar. Such an education is part and parcel of the wild life he had led since early childhood, and, though I do not pretend to hold the lad up as a model for my younger readers to pattern after, I do claim that True Blue is a fair specimen of a Western boy who "grew up," rather than was "raised," and think him entitled to no little credit for having passed through so many trials and temptations, without being utterly ruined.

As generally is the case, there were a number of habitual loafers and broken-down gamblers in the room who had neither the means nor credit to join in the game, but who, unable to resist the terrible fascination with which the "tiger" enchains its victims as well as favorites, were hanging around the tables in hopes of being "staked" by a more fortunate fellow. In outward appearance, there was the knuckles of English Tom, True Blue would have matched well with the most dilapidated of these unlucky "sports," and might have passed the entire evening among them in idleness, without exciting any notice, but instead he pressed up to the faro-table and began to play.

His object in so acting was twofold. Supposing that Tim Dorgan was there to keep a genuine appointment with Tracy Talbot, that worthy would be less likely to suspect there was anything more than pure chance in this third meeting since the sun went down, if he saw the other busied in play. Then, too, it would help pass away the time, while he could keep an eye upon his man, all the same.

Having a fair knowledge of the game, and betting moderately, True Blue kept about even for the first half-hour and his spirits rose as he saw that Tim Dorgan appeared to be growing impatient. If the appointment was not genuine, why did the fellow fidget around so, and keep watching the door so keenly? Surely he was expecting somebody. What more likely than that somebody was Tracy Talbot?

While placing a small stake upon the last turn, True Blue felt a new-comer press in beside him, and with a strong scent of musk in his nostrils, he looked up and saw Frank Holman standing at his right hand, extracting a bank-book from a large and well-filled pocket-book.

"A stack of red checks, if you please," he said, tossing the money across the table to the dealer. "I'm on it to-night, Johnny! It's your bank or my pocket—one of the two has got to go broke, sure!"

True Blue's first impulse was to draw out, but as Holman was apparently unconscious of his proximity, and as the crowd of non-players drew more closely around the table at Holman's bold challenge, he concluded to wait a while longer until he could retreat more readily than at present.

Frank Holman appeared resolved to make his words good, for he doubled each bet as he won, until he had nearly a thousand dollars depending upon a single turn of the cards.

The cards were drawn slowly from the silver box, and a buzz of admiring envy went up from the broken-down sports, as the wager was decided against the bank.

Without the alteration of a muscle, the dealer paid the stake, then swiftly shuffled the cards for a fresh deal, slipping them into the box, and passing them around to allow those who chose, to make their bets.

At this instant True Blue felt—or fancied he felt—a hand touch him upon the hip, and turned his head quickly; but the angry exclamation died away upon his lips as he saw the face of Tim Dorgan close to his own, and the latter said:

"Make a little room, please. I want a finger in this pie."

Not caring to attract the fellow's attention more than he could help, True Blue moved a trifle closer to Frank Holman, watching for an opportunity to withdraw quietly. That would not come before a fresh deal, for he knew how sensitive confirmed gamblers are.

Besides, despite his anxiety and suspense, he was growing interested in the bold, dashing play of the gambler upon his right. He was betting heavily upon every turn of the cards, but with singular ill-luck. Stake after stake he lost in rapid succession, until, before the deal was half out, his winnings of the previous deal were all gone.

Had not the boy jockey been wholly absorbed in watching the play of Holman, he might have noticed another curious fact.

Though betting far more modestly, Tim Dorgan was winning as often as Holman lost. If the latter played one card to win, Dorgan promptly backed it to lose.

Others noticed this point, if the boy jockey did not, and their interest in the game increased with each bet.

With a short, defiant laugh, Holman placed his last stack of chips upon the queen; only to

see them drawn in by the imperturbable dealer, a few turns later.

"Stop the deal, Johnny, and give me a stack of 'blues.' No more baby play, now I've got my hand in. It's make or break, I tell you—H—l and furies!"

While speaking, Holman thrust his hand first into one pocket, then into another, finally interrupting himself with the furious curse recorded above, at the same time springing back and breaking forcibly through the closely packed crowd of spectators.

"There's a thief in the room! my pocket has been picked! Stop! the first man that attempts to leave this room before the thief is discovered, will get a bullet through his head!" and the gambler emphasized the threat with a fierce oath, as he drew a short, heavy derringer from his bosom.

At the first words, several of those present had made an instinctive move toward the door, but one and all paused as the gambler barred the way, for his white, set face and blazing eyes plainly told that his was no empty threat.

Closely following his words, came a curious voice, which True Blue, if no other, instantly recognized with a peculiar thrill, though not exactly of fear.

"That's fair—no honest man will object—and the thief daren't. Each one of you watch the rest, to see that the thief don't drop the money!"

The voice was that of the little snuff-colored man, Mr. Lucky Coon, who must have entered the room after True Blue became absorbed in the bold play of the man who now claimed to have been robbed.

For a moment Holman appeared to be startled—probably astonished that another should so promptly take up his cause, unasked—but then cried, with unfeigned pleasure:

"Good you! just the man to settle this little affair, and I gladly place it in your hands. Act as you think best. The thief must still be in the room, for I felt my pocket-book, safe enough, not five minutes ago. I'll keep guard over the door."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Lucky Coon, suddenly falling into his slow, methodical manner, as he surveyed the motley group before him. "Gentlemen, a grave charge has been made against some one of our number, as yet unknown to any save himself. A crime has been committed—a pocket has been picked—and until the actual criminal is discovered, we one and all stand under suspicion—I as well as you."

"None, save the one dishonest person, can afford to rest under this suspicion one instant longer than is absolutely necessary to make the truth known. In this case the majority rules, and the guilty must suffer, to save the innocent."

"You all heard Mr. Holman place this affair in my hands for investigation, and by that authority I call upon the guilty party to step forward, and thus spare us any further trouble or annoyance."

"I didn't expect he would," he added, after a brief pause. "Few men care about fitting the rope around their own necks, even though they know it must be done by some one. That failure to confess, leaves only one course open."

"All honest men will form in line before me, No crowding, gentlemen; there's time enough."

True Blue's brain had been in a whirl from the first words of Frank Holman, but he did not fully realize the situation until the order was given to fall into line. Then, by pure accident, his hand struck against something hard in his tail pocket—and he remembered the touch he had felt upon his hip, a few minutes before.

He knew then that the stolen pocket-book was upon his person!

### CHAPTER XVI.

A FLASH IN THE PAN.

SWIFTER than thought itself, the truth flashed upon the mind of the boy jockey.

Tim Dorgan had been following him, watching a favorable opportunity for speaking the words which were to lure the boy jockey to his fate. The words were uttered, and the bat greedily swallowed.

Holman was probably the author of the plot, Dorgan only his instrument for carrying it out. The reason for his playing so recklessly was a secret no longer. He wished to show his pocket-book, and then, by losing, make the discovery of the theft, real or pretended, in a perfectly natural manner.

True Blue was almost certain that the pocket-book was now in the tail pocket of his coat; that it had been deposited there when he had those fingers touch his hip; that those fingers belonged to Tim Dorgan, who was acting under instructions from Frank Holman—and that in a few moments more he would be branded as a thief.

For one instant he glanced around him with a mad impulse urging him to make a desperate effort to burst through the toils in which he had been so cunningly entangled. But there was only one place of exit, and Holman, with ready pistol, held possession of that. Something in the gambler's keen black eyes told him that he would not hesitate to keep his threat of checking any attempt at flight with a bullet. And the same sweeping glance revealed the stout form of Tim Dorgan close beside him, apparently in readiness to grapple with his victim, in case he gave the faintest excuse for such treatment.

True Blue interpreted the sidelong glance with which the rascal was regarding him, and knowing that escape by flight was an impossibility, he resolved to make the best of a bad predicament.

He believed that this was a cunning trick to prevent him from riding the filly in the forthcoming race; for when it became generally known that he had been caught picking a pocket in a gambling hell, was it likely that Henry Blythe would dare trust him to ride a race upon which his all depended?

Let them find the pocket-book. Unless he offered resistance, they would have no excuse for maltreating him very seriously. He would be arrested and charged with theft; but he believed that he could convince Mr. Blythe of his innocence, and induce him to secure his release upon bail.

So far the boy jockey had reasoned, during the rather pompous speech of the little snuff-colored man, and when the order came for them all to fall into line, he obeyed with the rest, without any perceptible hesitation. He found himself near the center of the party, while Tim Dorgan stood next but one on his right hand.

"Many thanks for your prompt obedience, gentlemen," resumed Mr. Lucky Coon, still in his moderate mood. "When a disagreeable piece of business must be performed, 'twere well 'twere done quickly—ahem!"

"Now, Mr. Holman," and as he wheeled swiftly and faced the gambler, he was the brisk, nervous, fidgety speaker once more. "Describe

the missing property—what it looked like—what was in it—and so on."

"A large sized bill-book of purple morocco leather, containing two letters addressed to me, five bank notes of one hundred dollars each, together with some few smaller bills—in all about six hundred dollars."

"Any particular marks—name, eh?"

"Yes. My name and address is written inside of the pocket which contains—or contained—the larger bills," was the prompt reply.

"Very good. That fact will enable us to identify the stolen property—as soon as we get hold of it. Now, sir, be so kind as to go through

Mr. Holman stared, but Mr. Lucky Coon nodded sharply:

"Of course I mean it—why not? I'm as open to suspicion as any one of these gentlemen. I'm going to search them, but first you must search me. If not, the criminal you might suspect me of. I slipped the pocket-book from my person to his only pretending to find it."

This speech was well received by the men drawn up in line, as a general sound of approval evidenced, and Frank Holman hesitated no longer, but "went through" the pockets of the little snuff-colored man in a truly professional style—as one facetious individual hinted, in a stage whisper.

Holman joined in the general laugh which followed this criticism, nor was his good humor in the least degree feigned. He was playing a risky game, for high stakes, and all had thus far succeeded beyond his most sanguine hopes. He could afford to bear with a little good-natured rail.

"You understand, gentlemen?" and Mr. Coon once more faced the ranks. "The missing property has not been found upon my person, consequently I am not the criminal, but am duly qualified to act as searcher-in-chief of the other occupants of this room. Still, I would rather be spared the task, and if the guilty one will step forward and acknowledge his crime, I will esteem it as an especial favor."

Mr. Lucky Coon paused, and True Blue fancied that the little snuff-colored eyes rested longer upon his face than any other, as they deliberately ran along the line. But not a muscle of his countenance altered. He knew that he was snared, but he would do nothing to hasten the catastrophe. Let them spring the trap after their own fashion. And then—his teeth closed firmly, and a dangerous light filled his eyes as he gazed at Frank Holman.

"Very good," snapped the little brown man, in a petulant tone. "If the thief has no consideration for our feelings, neither will we have for his."

"Now to work. You will all please hold both hands above your heads, and keep them there until you have been searched. Then there will be no chance for the thief to pass the pocket-book along to a pal who has been searched. Up

The majority of those present began to rather enjoy the peculiar scene than not, and two score hands went up into the air, amid loud laughter and many quips and jokes. Even Holman, with so much at stake, could not suppress a smile at the queer scene.

Not so with the little brown man, who had fairly begun his task of searching the twenty and odd men. The fate of a nation might have rested upon his shoulders, judging from the awful gravity and sense of responsibility written upon his countenance. In vain those whom he was searching jestedingly begged him to spare them, and they would divide the plunder—it was all serious business to him.

One by one he searched and pronounced the men innocent, giving them leave to stand aside and lower their hands, until, at length, he reached the boy jockey.

Holman drew nearer, a devilish triumph gleaming in his black eyes and showing forth from his every feature, while Tim Dorgan eagerly peered behind the back of the one man who stood between him and True Blue.

Mr. Lucky Coon paused to wipe the perspiration from his brow with a dicky brown bandanna, and his eyes met those of the exultant gambler. A quick flush passed over Holman's face, and he fell back to his original position.

Mr. Coon turned sharply around to resume his task, when the unusual interest displayed by Tim Dorgan attracted his attention.

"Don't you be in a hurry, my man. Your turn will come in good time. Keep your hands up! Unless you want us to suspect that the stolen money is beginning to burn a hole in your pocket!"

Dorgan's lips parted for an angry retort, but Holman managed to catch his eye, and gave him a warning look. Though sullenly, the fellow faced about and straightened up his hands.

Holman began with searching the breast and vest pockets of the boy jockey, and as he did so, his snuff face wore a provoking leer of recognition that caused the hot blood to leap swiftly through the lad's veins, and made him long to dash his clenched fist into the fellow's mocking eyes.

It may be that the little brown man read something of this temptation in True Blue's eyes, for he hurriedly finished his examination in front, and passed around behind the boy jockey.

At least three hearts in that room beat fast and furiously as Mr. Coon knelt down upon the floor for the purpose of more conveniently examining the lad's tail-pockets. Beat furiously—then almost stopped, as the searcher uttered a short exclamation and arose, a large pocket-book in his hand.

"Stop!" he cried, in a sharp voice of command as Tim Dorgan made a movement as though about to spring upon the boy jockey. "Keep your place, sir, or I'll arrest you on suspicion of being the thief, without searching further. Here, sir," addressing True Blue, and holding out the pocket-book, which all could see was one of unstained leather. "Take your property, and join the others who have been searched and found innocent."

True Blue mechanically obeyed, scarcely able to realize that he had been pronounced innocent.

Holman stared in open-mouthed astonishment, then uttered a curse, so furious that those nearest him instantaneously shrank away from him as they right from a madman.

Dorgan still held in his hand, as though unable to believe his eyesight. Could he have made a mistake, after all?

With a sharp, cracked laugh, Mr. Lucky Coon placed one hand upon the bewildered fellow's shoulder. Dorgan flung it rudely off, with a fierce oath, then—just how it happened, he could never tell—found himself lying half-stunned upon the floor, with the little snuff-colored man kneeling upon his chest, one hand upon his windpipe, the other holding the purple morocco pocket-book which Frank Holman had so carefully described!

"There is some mistake—" faltered Holman.

"A mistake that will end in State's prison," sharply interrupted Mr. Lucky Coon.

"Gentlemen, you heard the charge of theft—you saw me find the stolen property—and you are witnesses for the prosecution in this case. I know your names, and where to find you when need—ed."

A swift motion, and Tim Dorgan was handcuffed. A sharp whistle, and two policemen entered the room, with clubs drawn. Tim Dorgan was jerked upon his feet and thrust through the doorway, caught in his own spring!

CHAPTER XVII.

### TRUE BLUE MEETS WITH ANOTHER SURPRISE.

ALL this—the overthrow of the burly ruffian, the producing of the purple morocco pocket-book, the handcuffing, the promptly obeyed whistle, plainly proving that the two policemen had been lying in wait for some such signal, and the rapid, masterly retreat to the outer air with their half-stupefied prisoner; all this transpired so rapidly that not a hand could be lifted to effect Tim Dorgan's rescue, even his friends present could run the necessary risk.

Probably no other persons present were surprised at the result of the search, but True Blue and Frank Holman assuredly were. The former had so surely felt that he was entrapped, without a hope of escape, that this unexpected development left him almost as thoroughly demoralized as could have been the case had the gambler's blow

"Sir knight, you have not told me the name of my rescuer."

"I am called the White Knight," was the reply, "and now I fain would know thy name, fair lady."

"I am Donna Ximena de Castro, daughter of Don Pedro de Castro, and if thou wilt accompany me to my father's castle, he will give thee refreshment for thyself and noble steed, and thank thee for what thou hast done."

"We have traveled all night, and are sadly in need of refreshment, and right gladly will we accept hospitality from such a fair lady's hand," was the gallant reply.

"But what shall be done with these wretches?" asked Rodrigo, esquire of the knight, pointing to the disabled ruffians.

"Their employer will doubtless attend to them."

The party turned their horses' heads, and, after a ride of a couple of leagues, the lofty towers of De Castro Castle rose before them. Built on a stupendous crag, its situation was one of great beauty and strength.

The ascent was by a narrow, winding path cut out of the solid rock, and a deep chasm answered the purpose of a moat.

Drawing a horn from under his cloak, the esquire blew a long, shrill blast.

In a moment the governor of the castle appeared, and recognizing Lady Ximena, gave orders to lower the drawbridge, and soon the whole party were in the courtyard; and then the knight was conducted to the great hall of the castle.

An old gentleman arose and bade the visitors welcome, and when Lady Ximena had presented her deliverer to her father, he grasped the knight by the hand.

"Sir knight, I would know thy name, for there is something in thy voice which reminds me of a dear friend."

"Indeed!" said the knight, raising his visor.

"Santiago! is it possible?" said the old man.

"My noble lord, I perceive that you recognize me, and you will please not mind my name, but I wish to keep my presence in this part of the country a secret for a few days; I desire to go to the tournament and break a lance with some of the redoubtable knights of this realm."

"So be it, sir knight. And now I will summon a servant to help thee off with thine armor, and then we will provide thee with refreshments, and leave thee to repose."

A repast was set before him, to which the knight did ample justice, and then lay down on a couch, and soon was clasped in the arms of Morphus.

In his dreams the graceful figure and lovely face of Donna Ximena bore a prominent part.

At length he awoke, refreshed and invigorated.

He had just arisen from his couch when his esquire entered the room.

"How hast thou fared since we entered these walls, good Rodrigo?"

"Exceedingly well, my master."

"Hast thou seen the fair lady since we came in here?"

"Yes, my master, I saw her but a short time since, and she bade me inform you that she and her father would fain hold a conference with thee."

"By the Mass, but I will not keep them waiting long!"

The knight soon found himself in the presence of Don Pedro and Lady Ximena.

"Sir knight, I trust that thou art recovered from the fatigue of thy journey," said Don Pedro.

"Ay, my noble lord, thanks to thy hospitality and a refreshing sleep, I feel like a giant refreshed. But how fares it with thee, my lady?"

"I trust that I have recovered from the effects of my adventure, and feel grateful to the deity for deliverance from a fate worse than death," replied Donna Ximena.

"Hast thou formed any opinion why this outrage was committed, my lord?"

"Yes, sir knight, I think that it must have been done by outlaws; they probably thought that if they could get my daughter in their power I would pay any amount they chose to ask as her ransom."

"Dost thou think Don Jose, the champion of Castile, was concerned in it?"

"Yes, and there are men in this part of the realm who do not hesitate to say that Don Jose and Joaquin, the bandit chief, are one and the same person."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the knight, in astonishment. "And yet no one has had the courage or the boldness to lay the charge at his door?"

"Yes, sir knight, such is the case, simply because no knight in the realm can stand before him, for his skill with weapons of war is truly remarkable."

"Would that the gallant Cid Campeador would come to our relief, and make an example of the traitor knight!" said Donna Ximena.

"Ay," replied Don Pedro, casting a look at our hero; "I am sure that the redoubtable Don Jose would fare ill at his hands."

"By your leave, my lord," said the knight, "and yours, my lady, some repairs are necessary to be made on my armor, and as I always attend to such matters in person, I fain would have your servant direct me to the armorer's shop."

And bowing to his host and the lady, the knight quitted the apartment.

Night had spread its sable mantle over the earth, and the sentinel stars had long ago made their appearance.

The Lady Ximena de Castro had raised the window of her chamber and was looking out, when a low, melodious voice, accompanied by the sweet strains of a guitar, fell on her ears.

In a moment she could distinguish the words of the troubadour—

"I've crossed burning plains, and forded rivers wide,

"With my sword for companion, and steed for wife,

"A free knight till now I've ne'er ceased to be,

"But oh, gentle lady, I'm a slave unto thee!

"Oh, happy are the hours I'd pass at thy side,

"One word from thee that my suit's not in vain—

"A lie, gentle lady, till I meet thee again."

When the troubadour had finished, she took a light scarf from her neck and threw it at his feet; the minstrel raised it to his lips, and then made a low bow and quietly disappeared around a corner of the castle.

The day appointed for the tournament dawned bright and glorious, and at an early hour vast crowds of people might have been seen pouring through the city's gates.

Mail-clad knights, in whose armor the bright rays of the sun were reflected; esquires, with their prancing steeds and nodding plumes; and scores of the nobility, in their holiday attire, preceded by the flags and banners of their respective houses, marched to the sound of martial music.

Fair maidens and sturdy matrons, and all the high-born beauty of the realm, were out in full force, while over all and above all the broad standard of Castile waved gracefully in the breeze.

The great square had been fitted up for the occasion, and a large stand for the king and principal nobles occupied a prominent position.

In the midst of the festivities, a strange knight rode to the herald's stand, and accused Don Jose de Gonzalez, the champion of Castile, of violation of the rules of knight-errantry, and

challenged him to mortal combat, at the same time throwing his gauntlet on the ground.

A murmur of surprise ran through the assembly, for the prowess of Don Jose was well known by all there.

The champion promptly took up the gauntlet, and may God defend the right!"

Each knight mounted his steed and entered the lists, and, as they faced each other, there was a striking difference in their appearance and bearing. The champion was a large and powerful man, and was mounted on a steed of like proportions.

His opponent was of smaller build, and the beautiful Arabian which he rode was in striking contrast with the steed of his opponent.

A practiced eye could discern brute force on one side and quickness and dexterity on the other. When the signal was given, both knights couched their lances and rushed on each other with the velocity of a whirlwind.

At a signal from his master, the Arabian bounded quickly to one side, and the lance of his opponent went harmlessly past. But not so with the other, for the stranger, with remarkable dexterity, ained his lance at his opponent's breast, and it went true to its mark, striking Don Jose obliquely, and hurling him heavily to the ground.

In a moment he was assisted to his feet, and in a short time he was able to renew the combat, and the spectators perceived that their champion had found his equal at last.

Both knights drew their swords, and soon both fell thick and fast on their shields.

Don Jose bore down on his adversary, and tried to crush him with heavy blows; but his opponent, as if aware of his intention, merely acted on the defensive, and soon the spectators saw that he was allowing his enemy to exhaust himself, while he was as fresh as ever.

At last Don Jose saw an opening in his enemy's guard, and raising his sword, struck him a furious blow, which the latter caught on his shield, and then, assuming the offensive, he struck his enemy a vigorous blow which descended on his head, carrying away a part of the helmet, and hurling him to the ground.

The victor rode to the royal presence, and the monarch rising to his feet, exclaimed,

"Sir knight, I fain would know thy name."

"Your majesty, I am called the White Knight," replied the victor, as he raised his visor.

"Santiago!" said the monarch; "is it possible?"

"The same, your majesty."

The mention of his name spread like wildfire among the people, and cheer after cheer rent the air, with shouts of:

"Long live the Cid Campeador!"

Dismounting from his steed, he knelt at the feet of Donna Ximena, and received the victor's crown from her hands.

As for Don Jose de Gonzalez, he was assisted to his feet and his wounds properly cared for, but he never made his appearance again as a knight of the realm.

The brave Cid soon after led Lady Ximena to the altar, and in all the ballads and chronicles of the times the heroic Cid, his lady, and even his horse, were immortalized.

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world and the most difficult. I have heard many men say that there is no comparison between its fascinations and those of rackets, but, no doubt, opinions on this differ. To all these courts fives courts are attached, which possess attractions of their own.

A year or two ago a polo club was started, and it has been a great success. A match was played with Cambridge a few months ago, and Oxford came off victorious. There is a gun club, too, and one cares about pigeon-shooting, he may go beyond Folly Bridge and to all the slaughter he likes; he may also expend many pounds in accomplishing it, for, of all ways to pass time, this costs the most, and if he doesn't get "rooked" the more fortunate he.

As for fox-hunting, there are four packs with in easy reaching distance—the Bicester, Old Berkshire, Heythrop, and South Oxfordshire, and the Vale of White Horse have four or five meets, that may be reached by rail. Time was, these same old scouts will be one, when forty or fifty hunters and hacks were to be seen walking about in the morning outside of Canterbury Gate and Merton College, but that certainly is not the case now, though there are many who are devoted to the chase.

"Varsity drag hounds" also will give one a gallop, if one is reading hard and hasn't time to hunt; or else the foot-beagles at Christ Church may afford



## PEDESTRIANISM.

### The News-carriers.

The pedestrian *furore* continues to develop surprising results. A hundred miles in twenty-four hours is getting to be a not uncommon feat. On Saturday, February 15th, Thomas Noden, a newspaper carrier, finished at the Lyceum, Williamsburg, New York, a walk of 100 miles in 23h. 35m. 23s., of which the actual walking time was 22h. 15m. 7s. He started on Friday night at fifteen minutes to ten P.M., and walked well up to the fiftieth mile. When he resumed the track again he was somewhat stiff, and he took over 20 minutes to walk the fifty-first, but the fifty-second was covered in 10m. 24s. Again he fell off in the ninety-third mile, taking some time over 17 minutes to make the thirty-three laps necessary to complete the distance. In the ninety-sixth mile he broke down and from that time forward had a terrible struggle to complete his distance in time. Stimulants were administered, and he gradually sank and during the last mile fainted twice. His trainer, Mr. Frazer, objected to his going on the track again, but Noden insisted and went through his task. He was loudly applauded at the completion of the last mile as he staggered to his dressing room, and considerable money changed hands on the result, as the odds in betting were against him. His medical attendant found on examination that his back was sprained by the effort, and the muscles in the calf of his left leg were much swollen and knotted. He was carried to a carriage and taken home, well wrapped up, about ten o'clock, and if he has not been permanently injured by thefeat, will take part in the coming pedestrian tournament at the American Institute Rink.

### The Newsboy.

STEPHEN BRODIE, the newsboy, who started at seven P.M. on Friday, February 14th, in the gymnasium of the Newsboys' Lodging House, New York city, to walk twenty miles in twenty-four hours, completed his task at twenty minutes past six on Saturday the 15th, having accomplished the feat with forty minutes to spare. A sand-dust track was laid out in the gymnasium for the use of Brodie that measured thirty-one and one-third laps to the mile, and the pedestrian, therefore, had to walk thirty-one laps for two miles and thirty-two laps for the third. Brodie was looked after by his elder brother Edward Brodie, and the latter was kept busy trying to satisfy the voracious appetite that the walker exhibited. At 11h. 10m. P.M. on Friday Brodie was taken off the track and rested until midnight. He started to walk again, but was so troubled with indigestion that he left the track at 12h. 30m. and rested until 2 A.M. He did not sleep during that time, as he was too sick, but when he went to work again he felt considerably better, and after he had walked a few miles he began to feel all right and kept up an average gait of five miles an hour. He had been walking since the start in a pair of heavy, thick-soled brogans and at 5 A.M. of Saturday he took them off and walked the rest of his journey in his stocking feet. He ate a good breakfast of beefsteak, toast and tea, and about an hour afterward he was again troubled with the pangs of hunger and howled for something more to eat. He was given a bowl of coffee and some toast, which he greedily consumed, and then said that he felt a good deal better. On his last mile Brodie was accompanied by Miss Alice O'Connor, a very promising young lady pedestrian. His feet were as sound as a rock when he finished. He went to bed as soon as his task was over, not having slept since he started.

This feat has started the pedestrian fever among the newsboys, and a number at once commenced training, walking round the floor in the reading-room.

### Miss May Marshall.

The *Baltimore American* says: The pedestrian fever has broken out here with as much virulence as characterized its course in other cities. To Miss May Marshall, a female pedestrian from Chicago, may its source be credited. On January 20th, at half-past eight P.M., she commenced the art of attempting Miss Anderson's feat of walking 2,700 quarter-miles in as many quarter-hours. At the start there was little interest taken in her performance, but as she plodded kept on her weary journey, public attention was aroused, and at the time writing the scene of her walk is hourly crowded with spectators.

At 9:15 this morning Miss Marshall had walked 2,353 quarter-miles in the time required, at an average of four minutes to the quarter-mile. On Monday, at 11:30 P.M., she will complete 2,700 quarter-miles; but, desiring to make the largest walk on record in this country, she will continue her walk twenty-four hours longer, making her walk totally 2,700 quarter-miles. If she is then in good condition she will attempt to complete the even 3,000 quarter-miles. There is scarcely any doubt but that Miss Marshall will be successful in her 2,700 quarter-mile walk. Her condition is good and the pluck she has already evinced shows her to be a woman of remarkable endurance. Her attendance is of the best. Three baths of whisky and water are given to her daily, and she is carefully rubbed down each time before going upon the track. Her diet consists of meats, soups, fresh vegetables, chocolate and tea. Anything of a saccharine nature is rigidly excluded. Three times a day her clothing is entirely changed, and her stockings once every hour. Owing to the excellent attention which she has received there is not a sign of a blister on her feet. At the commencement of the walk Miss Marshall weighed 150 pounds; her present weight is 114 pounds. Her pulse is regular, and she is still fresh and determined. At times during the night she sleeps soundly while going around the track, an attendant accompanying her to guide her and prevent her from falling.

### A Militiaman.

THOMAS KENENY of Company D, Sixty-ninth New York Militia Regiment, began the feat of walking fifty miles in ten hours in the armory at Grand and Ludlow streets at 4 P.M. Saturday, Feb. 15th. He made the fourteen laps that completed the first mile in 10 minutes 29 seconds; the third in 9 minutes 16 seconds. "Don't spout, Tom," said a sanguine backer. Tom evidently thought favorably of the advice, for he slacked up, coming in on the fourth mile in 10 minutes 17 seconds. He is a small, wiry man about 25 years of age, and was obliged to exert himself considerably to make anything like good time at all. At the twelfth mile, which he finished at 6:12 o'clock, he showed signs of weariness. At 9:12 he accomplished his thirtieth mile. He was then an hour ahead of time. By this time he showed unmistakable signs of fatigue. His face was blanched and once he tottered as if about to fall, but was quickly steadied by one of the attendants. His friends, however, were still confident of his winning the wager, and he finished his fortieth mile at 11:14 in

11 minutes 30 seconds, which gave him two hours and forty-six minutes to walk the remaining ten miles.

### Weston's Walk.

WESTON has been tramping on his weary walk through mud and snow for two weeks, and he is not more than four or five hours behind. Six hundred miles have been covered and the plucky pedestrian yet gives little signs of serious fatigue. There is an unusual interest in this walk, from the fact that it has an air of practicability about it. It is no fair weather walk. There is no sheltered track, no band of music, no ladies before whom to exhibit a natty costume and frilled shirt front. It is a journey along muddy roads, through slush and ice, in blinding snow-storms and drizzling or sleet rains, accompanied only by an omnibus containing the judges, which sometimes fails to keep pace with the walker, and sometimes, with Weston, loses its way on the unfamiliar roads. As may be imagined, Weston receives an ovation at every village and town he reaches, but the enthusiasm of great lusty farm lads sometimes takes a demonstrative form not pleasant to consumptives or lame, weary pedestrians. So Weston has been hustled, kicked and trod upon by the cheering, curious crowds who have on his approach come out to meet him with music frequently and with torches at night. In many of the large towns through which he has passed, so entirely lost in them and been unable to proceed. Of course this was dangerous to the success of the undertaking, and so Weston asked Sir John Astley to be allowed to ride in and out of the villages and towns, unless when effective protection was given by the police, and provided he should make up the distance thus covered.

### Six-Day Match.

THE six days' walking match between William Lockie and George Barber, in Cooper's Hall, Jersey City, was started at eleven o'clock Saturday, February 15th. Lockie left the track at ten minutes to eleven o'clock Thursday night, and did not return till six o'clock on Saturday. His legs were terribly swollen, and it was with great difficulty that he limped around the track. He walked three miles and left the track. Barber retired at midnight, Friday, and slept till ten o'clock Saturday morning. When he returned to the track he complained of blisters on his feet and limped a little. He took 17 minutes to make his first mile. At eleven o'clock, when he left the track, he had completed 349 miles.

### Boston Boys.

THE amateur championship walking contest, twenty-five miles, which took place at Boston, February 16th, at the Hebrew fair, brought out twenty-one contestants. The attendance of spectators was large. The following were the winners of prizes: First prize, French music-box, by E. Merrill, of the Young Men's Christian Union; time, 4h. 14m. 38s. Second prize, opera glasses, by E. W. Frisbie; time, 4h. 17m. 7.1-2s. Third prize, silver cup, by Hugh Keirin; time 4h. 24m. 4.1-2s.

### Gilbert and Smith.

G. W. GILBERT, of Bluepoint, and E. W. Smith, of Patchogue, walked a twenty-five mile match at Patchogue, February 15th, for a purse of \$20. Smith broke down on the twelfth mile, but Gilbert finished the task in 4 hours.

### Other Walkers.

Two members of the Fifth New York Militia Regiment are also at work trying to do 2,000 half miles in as many half hours with fair prospects of winning. Several ladies are at work in Brewster Hall, New York, trying to emulate Madame Anderson, and others are trying it in other cities. Madame La Chapelle, in Chicago, has nearly finished the same task.

Altogether, Pedestrianism may be said to have become a settled institution in the United States for the present.

### A Queer Challenge.

AMONG the novelties of pedestrianism must be mentioned the following:

"I challenge Robert S. Russell, the champion submarine pedestrian of America, to walk a five-mile race, under water, for the championship, at his own time and place, each man to walk on the same course and the same day."

STANTON S. LIVINGSTON, "Greenpoint, L. I., cor. Green st. and Manhattan av."

### Athletic Notes.

MISS ANNIE BARTELT is "at it again," in her purpose to beat Madame Anderson by walking 3,000 quarter-miles in as many consecutive quarter-hours. The scene of the walk is in the Brewster Hall, New York city.

AN aside incident of Capt. Boyton's voyage down the Allegheny river is noted thus, by the Pittsburgh Leader: "Among the many applications to embark with Boyton in his swim down the Allegheny river was one from Mrs. S. Conners. She said she was a woman of nerve; she was not afraid of the water, for she was in the laundry business; the uncoath rubber suit would suit her and the big paddles had no terror for her. She was not afraid of the ice, nor the river, nor the whirlpools. She was a married woman and used to all kinds of calamities. When told that the only lady who ever accompanied Boyton reached shore a corpse, she merely said that the woman lacked grit. Boyton listened carefully to the arguments and reserved her decision."

THE New York Sun announces: "Interest among sporting men now centers in the match soon to come off for the world's championship between O'Leary, Rowell, Harriman and Ennis. O'Leary holds the belt which he won in London, and the others are to try to wrest it from him. The conditions will be the same as in the other matches, the pedestrian covering the greatest distance in six days, either by walking or running, to be declared the victor. Harriman and Ennis are giving exhibitions of walking in this country. Rowell sailed soon from England to take part in the approaching struggle. Meanwhile, so powerfully has the pedestrian mania taken hold of its victims that in nearly every hamlet men, women and boys are racing around town halls and skating rinks, straining every muscle to better some one else's record." All of which is not news to THE YOUNG NEW YORKER, as our last issue gave full particulars on all these topics.

D. BURNS, the "New York State Champion," lately attempted, at Newburg, to walk 25 miles in 4h. 14m. His previous record, 4h. 22m. 38s., made much excitement in athletic circles. A report of the walk (which came off on the evening of Feb. 14th) says:

"After his sixteenth mile he began to gain, and the betting was in his favor. When the twenty-third mile was made it was evident that he was to beat him, and the excitement can better be imagined than described. He had ten minutes to make his last mile. The scene ten now one long to be remembered. The spectators were wild with excitement. The plucky pedestrian began to lag on his last mile and he fairly staggered. He told his friends he was doing the best he could. After he had walked 10m. 15s.

the referees announced that his time was up and he lacked 2 laps, there being 49 to the mile, and that he had lost the match.

Too bad to come so near and lose. Burns has a good record before him, we think.



### The Game Laws.

A MEETING of the Society for the Protection of Game was held in New York city, Feb. 10th, Mr. Robert B. Roosevelt in the chair. The counsel for the society, Mr. Charles S. Whitehead, made a report of the various prosecutions pending for the illegal vending of game, of which there are very few, nearly all the dealers supporting the law. The counsel also reported that he is preparing a codification of the laws relating to game, to be sent to the Legislature, in compliance with the suggestion of the Governor in his annual message. He recommends no changes, except the making of the close season for deer and all birds to begin the 1st of February, instead of the 1st of March, for some, and the 1st of January for others, as at present. A long discussion ensued, which was participated in by Messrs. Luddington, Hallack, Townsend, Con Fleiss and Colman. The club instructed the Committee on Game Laws to invite other States to co-operate with the State of New York in fixing a common time for the close of the season.

### Pioneers vs. Forests.

MARION, Ind., Feb. 10, 1879.

THE first amateur match of the season (and the only one ever held here) was shot the 8th of Feb., between the "Pioneers" and the "Forests," ten balls to a man. Bogardus trap, balls and rules—the oldest member in either club being eighteen and the youngest fourteen years of age. Below is the score (distance 18 yards):

	PROVINCIALS.	FORESTS.
H. St. John	0 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 1 4	
C. Case	1 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 3	
F. Willson	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1	
J. Vandeaver	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 2	10
J. H. Ammons	1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 1 6	
E. Exley	0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 3	
O. Blener	0 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 2	
W. Norton	1 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 3	14

A member was absent from each club. This was the first time for either at glass balls, and both clubs adhered strictly to Bogardus rules, which made it much harder than otherwise. The next match will come off the second Saturday in March.

### A Boys' Challenge.

HERE is "a glove" for THE YOUNG NEW YORKER:

"NEW YORK, Feb. 14th, 1879.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE YOUNG NEW YORKER:

"Sir—We challenge any five boys under sixteen years of age to a shooting match (darts or bullets). Jno. McKenna, Joe Walsh, T. LeRoy, Chas. McVey, E. McGrann. Long may LIVE THE YOUNG YORKER!"

### Rod and Gun Notes.

THE track of a large California lion has been seen on Sullivan's Creek, near the town of Sonora, Cal.

INDIANA people feast on quail, at a cent and a half a piece, killed with five cents' worth of ammunition.

LAND-LOCKED salmon deposited in the great Western lakes three years ago, it is said, have thriven amazingly.

JOHN CHARLTON recently killed a beaver, which weighed 46 pounds, on the beach below Star's mills, Vallajo, Cal.

AS many as 7,000 salmon are often taken at one haul of the seine in Alaska, some of them weighing from 45 to 100 pounds each.

THE Monteray, Cal., Democrat says it is doubtful if there be any water in Monterey fit to put Lake Michigan whitefish in, heretofore mentioned to be planted there.

MR. EUGENE ROGERS sailed, with the schooner Surprise, from Santa Barbara, for Lower California. He goes to hunt otter, seal, shark, etc., and will be gone from there to five months.

NEVADA's Fish Commissioner, Parker, intends to have the fish-law of that State rigidly enforced. If he can only succeed in protecting the numerous whitefish that have recently been placed in Donner, Tahoe and Eagle lakes, and other places, it will not be long before Nevada will have fish in abundance.

QUALS are becoming very numerous in California, especially in the Vallejo and foot-hills. Hundreds of flocks are bred yearly in the thick brush which lines the banks of the Sacramento and American rivers, and they are becoming so thick that in many of the towns along those rivers, and even in Sacramento, it is not an unusual occurrence to see flocks of them come into town and feed in the gardens.

IT is a notable fact that as new States or Territories fill up with people, a certain class of game increases in numbers. This is not owing to the introduction or enforcement of game laws: it takes quite a number of years for people of new sections to first introduce laws and then to enforce them. We apprehend that the game laws of this State are hardly noticed at all in the way they ought to be; that secretly the people who live near where game abounds are constantly breaking them. Yet in some measure they are a restriction. Game increases, however, as we have said, as new sections of our country become more and more inhabited. This is owing principally to the destruction of wild animals, which formerly preyed upon the game.

Boats. H. M. S. Boats. H. M. S.

Quickstep..... 11 05 45 Zero..... 11 20 30

Icicle..... 11 06 00 Snow Flake..... 11 21 45

Zephyr..... 11 06 35 Viva..... 11 22 20

Snow Bird..... 11 07 45 Ella..... 11 23 20

Cyclone..... 11 08 50 Magic..... 11 23 20

Buckshot Boat..... 11 18 45 Flying Cloud..... 11 34 00

Buckshot..... 11 19 30 Haze..... 11 34 30

Ketch Me\*..... 11 20 10 Echo..... 11 35 40

Hall..... 11 20 10

\* Not in the race.

Then the annoying wind would die down and the home stretch was both sail and push. There would be a push by all of the crews for half a mile, when a puff of wind from some mountain gorge would shoot their boats

